

Divorcee Mom and Son. First episode.

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I am a divorcee of 33 years and had always enjoyed sex with my Dad since the age of 16 when my parents divorced. I thought I will get some encouragement and feel less guilty reading about the experience with other like minded people. One of the Lush members Franklin847 encouraged me to write about my incest experiences and also gave me a tip or two as to how to get my 16 year old son involved. He suggested that I lay on the couch feigning sleep without my panties and let my dress ride high.

In the couch:

Well, I tried that yesterday as we were watching some 'car chase' movie on the tele, . I said, "Tommy, you watch. Mum is catching a nap." I drew the curtains and darkened the room a bit and 'carelessly' lay there 'dozing off' with a cushion carefully 'covering' my face. I could see Tommy looking at me again and again to see whether I really went to sleep as he wanted to share his excitement of the scenes in the movie. In my 'sleep' I raised my legs and the dress rode up to the top of my thighs – no further. The pubic hair was still well covered. I couldn't possibly actively lift up the dress any further. So then I bent my knees and opened up my crotch resting the right knee on the sofa back and the other flat on the seat. I started wetting my crotch with the thoughts as I peered carefully through my almost fully closed eyes at my son sitting in the sofa next to my couch. Assured that I am asleep, he kept turning his head and looking directly at his mum's pussy. Well that was it. Nothing more happened and after the movie was over, he switched off the tele and left the room.

In the bathroom:

Later in the evening I had an idea. I told my son that I am going to clean up the bathroom. After cleaning up, without shutting the door, I took off my dress and got into the shower, knowing that my son would now be coming to see whether I had finished cleaning the bathroom since it was dinner

time. As I heard him approach, I put the shower gel on my face and kept my eyes closed and started massaging my face and body. He walked in. As I stealthily peered through the corner of my eyes, I saw him standing there astonished for a few moments looking at my nude body and quickly disappearing from the scene, obviously feeling guilty or embarrassed. Then I called after him, pretending that I had not noticed him there and asked him to get me a towel, which I had 'forgotten' to bring in with me as I was coming in to clean the bath room. I wanted him to feel that it is OK to approach his mum's nude body. He came and handed over the towel, looking away. I opened the shower door and taking it from him thanked him and asked him what he wanted for dinner. I wanted him to feel at ease and start looking at me. It worked! Can you believe it? He looked at my face and as I was drying up, we continued our conversation. I stood right in front of him and mopped my breasts and between my legs with the towel as if it is all OK for him to see me like that.

Getting ready for bed:

We had dinner: microwave pizza and salad, as my son wished. Then he went upstairs to play with his Xbox and I watched something or the other on the tele. After a while I went upstairs to retire to bed early as I had an almost sleepless night before, though I had caught up with some sleep early in the morning.

I wasn't sure whether it would be right or wrong to have sex with my own son. It is right if that would keep him away from bad company and diseases. It wouldn't be OK if he would become mother fixated. But with my own experience with my dad, I know that incest is the best safety valve. So that is why I finally decided to go for it.

"Do you want to sleep with mommy tonight, Tommy?" I asked him. He looked at me and said "Yes" We used to do that often before my divorce when my ex-husband wasn't home. With three months into the divorce, this was the first time I was going to sleep with my young son.

Kissing game:

Tommy came over and took off his T-shirt and with just his boxer shorts on, climbed under the blanket. I had no panties on and the lingerie was sheer. I pulled him over to me and we cuddled each other. Feeling his embrace I said "Tommy, you are a strong man, you are crushing me!"

"I love you mom," he said and gave me another bear hug and kissed my cheek

"I love you too" and kissed 'innocently' on his lips which I do often. But this time I kept my lips on my son's for a perceivably long time and mumbled without opening my lips, "My sweet little baby.."

"OK mom" Tommy tried to say with my lips still on his, and saying so, opened his mouth when I felt the wetness of the inside of his lips. Without relenting, I planted one more firm kiss on the inside of his lips by nudging his lower lip down with mine.

Then I turned it into a kissing game. I moved the blanket down. "I love you Tommy" and kissed him on his cheeks and then his chest and then his tummy. Then I kissed his left groin but made sure that my nose touched his penis as I moved on to kiss the right. Then I moved on to his thighs and then his legs and finally kissed and gently put my lips around his big toes.

He immediately withdrew his legs and moved to the lower end of the bed where both me and my son were now sitting. "Show how much you love your mom, Tommy"

“A lot!” he said. “Kiss and show” I demanded and lay down on my back with my left knee raised and the foot drawn almost to my right buttock. My lingerie had rode to the top of my thighs by now. Tommy, as he was kneeling by my right side, I beckoned him with my hands to start kissing and pointing to my cheeks, said, “Start here”. It was a gentle command which he readily followed.

Attention to the Breasts:

He kissed my cheeks and waited. I encouraged him “And then...??” He straightened himself up and looked at me unsure. “Go on Tommy..” I waved my left hand across my entire body. Tommy bent down again and kissed my chin and then my stomach.

“Nothing in between?” I asked my son, smiling. “And that is all that you wanted as a baby,” I continued. Without lifting up his head and looking at me, Tommy gently went on to kiss each of my left breast well above and far away from the nipples. When he moved on to my right, I guided his head towards the nipple and said, “That’s where you kiss them”

As I felt my son’s lips against my erect nipple, I pressed his head gently down on to the flesh of my breast and asked him to kiss the left one also the same way. I was pleasantly surprised that this time not only that he went straight for my nipple, but pressed his lips around it nibbling it playfully. “Wow..!” I said, “That felt good, Tommy”. I wanted him to feel totally encouraged. And then I pushed his head down to my belly which now he kissed over the lingerie.

My lingerie now up to my waist, I turned face down exposing my totally bare buttocks for him to kiss. For a brief moment, between me lifting the lingerie up and turning face down, I watched my son look at my pubic hair that had missed seeing that afternoon in the living room couch. Now face down, I pointed my finger at my ass and said “And there..” He did that without any hesitance. By now my son had developed a big erection that was easily visible through his boxer.

As Tommy kissed my calf, I said, “OK, I know that you love me.” I turned around on my back and with my lingerie now riding high till my belly button, asked my son to lie over me. With the game now well under way, he readily did that.

Getting bolder and baring breasts and penis:

“You didn’t kiss me here,” I said, pointing to my breasts. “I did, mom!” he protested.

“No, not like I did there,” implying my kisses on the bare chest and belly.

“Did where?” My son asked.

“Here, like your skin here.” I forced my right hand between and brushed it up and down on my son’s chest and stomach and as I did that I ‘inadvertently’ caught my son’s erection. In a reflex he lifted his belly from mine and stared at me. Without waiting for his further reactions, I immediately pulled his boxer down and let his monster out. My son’s penis now lay bare, erect, oozing precum and arrested between our bodies.

With his boxer around his knees, my son now lay on top of me. With his palms on the bed on either side of my chest he had his chest lifted off his mother’s breasts. Before my son could wonder what next to do, I held my lingerie on both the sides and lifted it up and bared my breasts. They are small at 32C. It was bigger when I was breast feeding my son 15 years ago up until he was one.

As I felt my son’s penis on the bare skin of my tummy I could say that it was only as big as his dad’s –

may be at the most five inches. My ex-husband always needed reassurance on the size. It wasn't huge like my dad's which is almost 7 inches. But my ex always used to please me.

Looking at my own bared breasts I asked my sixteen-year-old son "Do you remember feasting on these?" Neither of us could now bring a smile to our lips. Both the mother and son knew that we are in now for the full thing. My son had all the encouragements to carry on from the time when I showed him my pussy lying in the couch that afternoon and my whole body while drying myself up in the shower cubicle earlier that evening.

Breastfeeding my baby:

"Here, take it..!" I said gently to my son holding my left breast between my hands and offering it to him.

Without saying anything, Tommy, my sweet little son, lowered himself down and took the right erect nipple between his lips and started suckling on in. I was amazed to feel the immense pleasure I got then. It was not like my ex or my dad sucking on them. When my own now mature son had his wet lips on my nipples with his tongue playing on it, it felt out of this world. I gently caressed his hair with one hand and his back with the other. I could feel my wetness dripping between my legs. My son's erect penis was safely wedged between our bodies. "Suck on them... suck to make up for all these years..." I told my son, encouraging him in what he was doing now. I groaned and moved my feet around in enjoyment. He moved from the right breast to the left. My son started holding my breasts between his two palms and squeezing them gently as he suckled and played with them.

My son's naked body:

I then asked my son to take his boxer off totally. He got off me and removed it. I still kept the lingerie gathered around the top of my chest. The rest of my body was of course naked. Now my naked son, with nothing on his body, just as I used to feed him sometimes as a baby, without any further instruction, mounted me again and lay on top of me and went back to holding and suckling on my breasts. As he made small body movements, his erection kept moving between my lower belly and upper thigh. My son feasted on my breasts for about half-an-hour like a baby – like when he was a baby. He appeared hungry and enjoying the feast. Time and again, he would let go of my breasts and holding each in his hands would just look at them, only to lower his lips on to the areola and the nipple yet again to go back to the 'feeding'.

I then put my hand between our bare fleshs and got hold of my son's penis. It was exactly the same size as his dad's. As I took hold of it, my son lifted his hips and made enough room for me to hold his erection comfortably. Obviously he enjoyed his mom approving and acknowledging his manhood. My son's penis was oozing precum. As I moved my finger on its tip, I felt that it was extremely slimy and slippery. I moved the foreskin backwards and forwards and as I did that, I spread his own penis juice with my fingers all around the 'bared' head of his penis, making it moist all over.

I then gave a gentle pull on his penis and said, "Mommy wants it.."

My son's penis in my cunt:

Tommy came off my breasts and squared himself up between my legs and positioned his erect penis over his mom's vaginal crack. Supporting his wait on his knees and the left hand on the bed, he held

his penis with his right hand and looking between my legs from above my chest, guided his penis into his mom's wet cunt. He put it in at the right spot and after withdrawing his hand drove his tool home – down into his moms cunt where it slid into effortlessly and to its very base. I reached out my hand to feel my son's penis in my vagina. I gave a gentle caress to his balls and then rested my hand over his hips and said, "Do it!"

Yes, my son's penis slid all the way down into his mother's vagina for the first time last night. By the way he shoved it in, I knew that this is not the first time he has had sex. I asked him, "You have it with Jo, don't you?" He simply nodded in agreement. He had been seeing his girlfriend for some time. With my hands on his bums, Tommy started pumping me gently. And how great it felt! My own son making love to his mother. He had developed a perfect rhythm. His penis pleased his mom in perfect harmony to my upward thrusts which I made now and again.

My thoughts:

And this penis of my son, after passing through my birth canal 16 long years ago, has now come back, grown and mature on its own, with the rest of his body outside of it which embraced his mom's naked body. And those lips that fed on these breasts and gave me joy when they had milk it them, is now giving immense sexual pleasure sensations as he suckled on them again after a long 15 years, now as a mature man. There sis nothing wrong in this. Is there? His penis was in my vagina 16 years ago. He did suckle on these breast till 15 years ago. I am only too happy to let him do just this what he and I are doing together now.

It couldn't be sweeter. No other relationship in this world can be stronger and more complete. All these thoughts went through my mind last night as my son kept loving his mother and making love to me...

My first orgasm with my son:

As I enjoyed my son's soul satisfying fuck, with his penis riding high and low in the crack between my legs, and he playing with my breasts, in another few minutes I climaxed. And that was an orgasm of a special nature – the kind I haven't had in a long time...

As my son sensed me having the orgasm and stopped sucking my breasts and increased the speed of his thrusting – shoving his penis deeeep and firm into his mother's cunt.. After I settled from the convulsive orgasm, he paused for a moment or two. He lay on top off me ensuring that he didn't put much weight on me. Hw held me gently. I lay there satisfied with my eyes half closed with my son's naked flesh in mine and our naked bodies in total embrace.

"Are you OK mommy?" he asked. "Am I OK?? I am more than OK baby" I told him and stroked his back.

Tommy then lowered his mouth again on to my breasts and resumed 'milking' them. And after another couple of minutes of sucking, he started sliding his penis again up and down my slimy pussy. It was too wet, I could tell from the ease with which my son's penis was riding. In fact the pussy was wet both inside and outside.

My son's first cum shoot into his mom's pussy:

And again I came. I had one more great orgasm with my own son's penis. This time Tommy did not

stop sucking on my breasts and squeezing them. He continued pumping and he now did it fast and hard and deep and wild into his mom's pussy... The banging of our hips on each other was quite audible – the slapping sound filled the room.

As my son sensed that I had cum, he increased the pace of his thrusts on to his mother's pussy and kissing me on my lips, said, "I love you mom..!"

He said as if to complete my 'kissing game' that had initiated all this.

Tommy went on banging his mother like an automatic machine. Where did he learn all these from, I wondered. He was doing it all so well. Lucky Jo, I thought. Soon my son said, "I am cummmmming..." and he let go off my breasts from his lips, grimaced and shot his cum into his mother's hot slimy cunt. Again and again. Again and again thrust deep and wild.

He shot all of his cum deep into his mother's cunt. He kept on pumping for about a full one minute. And finally he lowered his perspiring body on to his mothers naked skin and as he slumped on me I held my son tight. I now have a new way in my life to vent my sexual feelings... I have love at my own home...

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